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TELEGRAPHIC ERRORS.

They Have Caused Fun, Sorrow and Loss of Money.

Thousands of errors have been made in telegraphic messages, says the New York Times. In fact, a day rarely passes without a good many of them occurring. Some of them have caused much amusement, some have caused tears and some have caused serious financial loss. They are not always due to inexpert operators. It is a remarkable fact that during the prevalence of bad weather, or what are known as "electrical storms," which are thorns in the side of every chief operator—for while they continue wires become as unreliable as a fickle woman—dots and dashes have been so shifted as to cause a receiver to put down a word totally different from the one transmitted by the sender. That, however, does not occur often.

The faulty penmanship of hurried business men and others who use the telegraph is also responsible for many of the errors. Operators are compelled to rigidly "follow copy," and if a word is indistinct they send whatever it seems to them to look like, no matter how blind their reading may make the context. Besides, some messages pass through a number of hands.

The telegraph companies persistently print at the top of their message blanks a warning that they are not responsible for mistakes in transmission, and they also proffer, in very small type, the advice that "to guard against mistakes or delays the sender of a message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison," at an additional charge of one-half the regular rate. The notice has steadily adorned the blanks in spite of court decisions that the companies are responsible for errors, whether the messages are repeated or not, and in spite of the additional fact that it is rarely read, or, if it is, the interest excited is only casual. Nobody ever seems to accept the advice regarding repetition. An operator, speaking of the old notice recently, said that in an experience of fifteen years he had never seen but one message, bearing the order to repeat, and it was regarded as a great curiosity. This message fell a victim to excessive caution. It was bound from New York to San Francisco. It contained but one word, the little word "Yes." It was religiously repeated back from every relay station between the Atlantic and Pacific, but by some misfortune, due to a second of abstraction on the part of an operator or to a timely but unfortunate "flip" of the instrument, the word was changed to "No." A big row ensued and an operator in New York nearly lost his position.

The financial losses that have been caused by telegraph blunders have been due mostly to the changing around of amounts. There have been instances where an order to buy has been changed in transmission into an order to sell. But generally, if there is a mistake, it is in the figures. To make the likelihood of error as slight as possible, amounts expressed in figures by the original writer of a message are usually spelled out and expressed in words by the operators. Even this precaution does not always avail, however. It is comparatively easy for poor handwriting and careless transmission to change fifteen to fifty, or twenty to thirty, or fifty to sixty. There was a mistake of this character perpetrated in Washington some time ago. It caused no loss, but that was because of good luck. A grocery firm in the capital city sent an order to a wholesale house in Baltimore for fifteen barrels of "A" sugar. The next morning the grocery firm received a shipping bill which contained the information that fifty barrels of "A" sugar had been shipped to them "as per order."

As the sugar was by that time in Washington, the firm, having investigated and discovered that the mistake was not theirs, notified the manager of the telegraph office that the company must take the extra thirty-five barrels off their hands. The manager told the operator who sent the message about the notice. While the responsibility for the blunder, as between the sender in Washington and the receiver in Baltimore—it was undoubtedly the fault of the latter—had not been settled, the Washington operator, who was of a speculative disposition, requested the manager to delay his answer. Then he ran around to find a friend who was in the sugar business, and inquired as to the future of sugar prices. He learned that there was a strong probability of an immediate and material advance. He informed the manager that he recalled that the mistake was his, and that he was prepared to pay the penalty for it by taking the sugar. The firm turned over the thirty-five barrels to the operator. Two hours later they, too, heard that sugar was going up. They sent the operator word that they would relieve him of his load if he wished. He replied that he was very much obliged to them, but they needn't trouble themselves. The next morning he sold his sugar at a good profit, took the money to the races and lost it.

The wifely reproaches which a gay young New York lawyer encountered on reaching his home late one night were undoubtedly due in the main to his own poor handwriting, but a careless operator was also responsible for them. He related the experience the next day.

"It was two o'clock when I reached home," he said. "My wife met me at the door. I saw at once that she was very angry. She handed me a telegram and asked freezingly: 'What is the meaning of this?' I said: 'Why, my dear, what's wrong? That's probably the message I sent you in the afternoon.' 'It is,' she answered. 'Please read it and explain.' I read it. To my astonishment it read: 'Shall dine with Kitty Smith, an old gal of mine, who has just returned from Europe. Will be late. Don't wait for me.'

"'I wouldn't wait for the best man that ever lived,' said my wife, and she began to cry.

"I realized at once what had happened, and I began to laugh. I couldn't help it. 'Why,' I said, 'this message has been botched. I wrote no such stuff as that.' 'What did you write, then?' she demanded. Then I told her that what I had really written was: 'Shall dine with Billy Smith, an old pal of mine, who has just returned from Europe. Will be late. Don't wait for me.' Those infernal operators had butchered it. I've got the original message. In view of the circumstances the manager of the telegraph office consented to lend it to me. My wife was pretty well satisfied, but I wanted to convince her absolutely. After this I shall endeavor to write plainer and I shall certainly avoid the use of slang words."

The explanation in this case is that the B in "Billy" and the p in "pal" were probably badly written. But the substitution of "itty" for "illy" and of an l for a t in "wait" was undoubtedly the fault of the operators. There is a similarity between the Morse characters which stand for the letters l and t, and they are frequently confused by young operators. L is represented by a long dash and t by a short one, and double t or double l, when sent too close together, make the letter m, so that it was quite possible for the lawyer's wife to have been informed, or, rather misinformed, that her husband intended to dine with an individual of the peculiar name of "Bimy" Smith or "Kimy" Smith, or even "Bitty" Smith or "Killy" Smith, instead of "Kitty" Smith. Such palpable errors are, of course, only made by very green operators. An experienced man, unless his wits were off woolgathering, would make some inquiries of the sender, which would probably result in a correction.

Two callow young operators made an explanation necessary from a New York newspaper man recently. He was to be married in the West. Before leaving town he devoted several days to searching over Brooklyn for a flat, being assisted in the search by a young married woman, the friend of his betrothed. Upon leaving his office one morning about two o'clock he sent the Brooklyn lady a telegram, which he expected would be delivered to her about 8:30 or nine o'clock in the morning. The dispatch was worded apologetically: "Will be over to worry you this afternoon."

The message was "bulled" on its way across the East river and a meaning of so much importance was given to it that the Brooklyn operator rushed it out, the message boy arriving at the house at about four a. m. The husband of the lady got out of bed to answer the bell. By a further mistake of the delivery department the envelope was addressed to the husband. He opened it and was astonished to read: "Mrs. ——: Will be over to marry you this afternoon."

When a man is awakened from a sound sleep and informed that his wife is to be married to a young man who, he has had every reason to believe, was to be married to a young lady in the West, he is apt to conclude that he isn't awake after all. No one who has not experienced it can realize how very startling it is. It was the first his wife had heard of it. They racked their brains for a solution of the puzzle. It wasn't solved, however, until the young newspaper man arrived.

A lynching was nearly precipitated by the error of a Kansas operator some time ago. It was only averted by the discovery that there was no one to lynch. A young farmer was called away from home for a few days. His wife went to visit her brother in a town near by during his absence. The third day her husband telegraphed her: "Big ball, meet me at Wichita to-night." There was to be a dance and he wanted his wife to attend. This was a splendid opportunity for the imp of mischief who causes telegraphic "bulls." He tampered with the message so that when the farmer's wife read it, it said: "Big Bill got me at Wichita to-night."

Her instant and very natural conclusion was that her husband had either been captured or shot, or both, by a desperado named "Big Bill." Her brothers agreed with her, and the whole family and a number of neighbors, all heavily armed, took the first train for Wichita to rescue the husband and hang "Big Bill." The husband was waiting calmly at the station for his wife. The vigilance committee demanded "Big Bill," and were not at all satisfied with the husband for standing there free and uninjured. The brothers criticised him severely because he wasn't kidnaped, and announced that in their opinion he was guilty of rank deception. A fight was prevented by his wife's intervention and an explanation.

A gentleman in San Francisco learned that an estimable lady in Los Angeles had suddenly lost all her property and was in a condition of actual want. He telegraphed to a friend, a lawyer of Los Angeles: "Assist Mrs. —— immediately." The word "assist" was changed to "arrest," and the poor woman's misery was increased by a night in a prison cell.

"Send me tenderloins," said a message received by a New York sporting man from a friend in Philadelphia. It should have read: "Send me ten dollars." The New York man replied: "What do you mean?" and the Philadelphia man was so indignant at such a response to his request that the friendship was severed for nearly a year.

A gentleman with the dignified name of Cyrus T. Nixon was shocked to have a message handed to him addressed "Circus T. Nixon." A wholesale produce merchant received a message from a retail customer, saying: "Your 8000 are No. 900 D." It should have been: "Your eggs are no good." The delivery department of the New Orleans Western Union office was mystified by a message addressed to Blyannon street. It turned out to be 80 Cannon street.

Absolute accuracy will probably never come. It certainly will not as long as telegraphers have debts, love affairs, good intentions, base-ball, horse races and countless other subjects to occupy their minds while they are receiving or sending dispatches in the contents of which they can have no possible interest.

OYSTER SHELLS.

The Various Uses to Which the Enormous Quantities Are Put.

It has been estimated that 23,000,000 bushels of oysters are opened annually in the United States, and that this represents an accumulation of shells amounting to not less than 243,390,000 cubic feet, which if spread out would cover a space of more than 450,000 yards square to a depth of three feet.

No doubt the majority of persons who have assisted in eating the oysters contained in this enormous amount of shells seldom give a thought as to what becomes of these rough, uncouth coverings. A few, perhaps, if questioned on the subject, would be likely to reply that the only way in which they had seen them utilized was in filling up and making roads, embankments and wharves. Nevertheless, this is but one of their many uses, as they are extensively employed in making "stools" for new oyster beds, by spreading them on the bottom of the bays and other bodies of water in which oysters are propagated, thus forming a bed upon which the spawn settles and grows into maturity. They are also converted into lime, serve as ballast for vessels, and made into fertilizers. In addition to this they play an important part in the poultry yard, where, in a powdered form, they are much sought after by those engaged in raising fowls of every kind.

The early colonists used nothing but oyster-shell lime, and in many parts of New England there still exist mills and kilns devoted entirely to the industry of converting the shells into that material. They have been used in making a hydraulic cement, when mixed with clay and magnesia, and gave perfect satisfaction, not only in laying drains, coating cisterns and the like, but also in making garden vases, fountains and other ornamental objects exposed to the elements.

That these shells have been used for fertilizing purposes for hundreds of years is evidenced by the fact that even now, in some portions of Canada, what is called "mussel-mud" is dug out of the remains of extinct oyster-beds by huge machines adopted to the purpose, and spread in thick layers over the land. This is merely a survival of an old custom, as we are told that in early times they were laboriously dredged out and used for the same purpose.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, a noted authority on the history of this favorite bivalve, states that "along Pamlico Sound, in North Carolina, when the weather becomes warm and there is no employment for their boats, the fishermen rake up boat loads of rough 'bunch' or 'coon oysters' and carry them to the farmers to be sold and used as a fertilizer, for which from three to five cents a bushel is paid." These "coon" oysters are seldom eaten, but are found in immense quantities in Southern waters, every stake, bit of sunken log, or the branches of fallen trees being loaded down with them.

In the Northern and Eastern States the immense mounds of oyster, clam and mussel shells found in various localities along the coast prove inexhaustible mines for agriculturists, who use them as a top-dressing for their farms. In the neighborhood of Damariscotta, Me., there are mounds which are estimated to contain not less than 8,000,000 cubic feet of shells—a lasting monument to the red man's partiality for crustaceous food. Prior to being used the shell must be burned, which is done in rude, home-made kilns. A very amusing story is told by Mr. Ingersoll relative to the discovery of an old kiln which was thought by its scientific finders to be an aboriginal house until they found the half of a well-baked brick at the bottom of the structure.—Detroit Free Press.

A SATIRE ON TALLEYRAND.

Some Contemporary Abuse of the French Statesman.

Talleyrand during his long and varied political career was perhaps, the best-abused man in all Europe. His lameness, of which he was extremely sensitive, afforded his enemies a vulnerable spot at which to direct their darts—an opportunity of which they meanly took advantage. There is a story that during Talleyrand's brief tenure of office under the Directory, Rewbell, one of the Directors, one day flung an inkstand at his head, exclaiming:

"Miserable *emigre*, your intellect is as greatly warped as your foot."

This incident gave rise to the following lines—which were published in the Anti-Jacobin:

Where at the bloodstained board expert he plies,
The lame artificer of frauds and lies;
He with the mitred crown and cloven heel,
Doomed the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel,
To stand the playful buffet, and to hear
The frequent inkstand whizzing by his ear;
While all the five Directors laugh to see
The limping priest so deft at his new ministry.

But Talleyrand had his revenge. He lived to aid in the overthrow of the Directory, as he had aided in the overthrow of governments that had preceded it, and was destined to aid in the overthrow of other governments which were to come.

Louis XVIII., complimenting Talleyrand one day upon his abilities, asked him how he had contrived first to overturn the Directory, and finally Bonaparte. The wily diplomat replied, with charming simplicity: "Really, sire, I have had nothing to do with this. There is something inexplicable about me which brings ill-luck on the governments that neglect me."—Century.

Hustlers Both.

"We got the dead wood on you in our account of the Smixer execution," said editor number one. "We were on the streets with our account five minutes after he was pronounced dead."

"Tut," said editor number two. "We had our account on sale two hours before the execution took place."—Munsey's Weekly.

—It's a bad idea to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. What if the thief should repent and bring back the horse?—Binghamton Leader.

INDIA'S PRECIOUS STONES.

Discovered, Sometimes, by Persons Ignorant of Their Value.

An old traveler who has been over half the world showed a reporter a handsome uncut ruby the other day. "This," he said, "is from India, and was given me by a friend who found it while out shooting."

Precious stones, he said, were still numerous in certain districts in India, but the rajahs who own the property were very jealous of all strangers, and resented intrusions on their territory by every means in their power. Nevertheless every now and then a fine specimen was found by some sportsman of wayfarer.

The traveler told of a party of English officers who went out shooting one day on one of these estates, but they managed to bag very little game. On their way back in the afternoon one of them came across a stone resembling a nodule, which he picked up and dashed upon a rock. The stone broke into a dozen pieces, and out dropped a beautiful, brilliant pebble. This pebble the young Englishman, who was a tourist, picked up, and, after examining it, was about to throw it away again, but changed his mind and thrust it into his pocket, remarking: "I'll keep this thing as a memento of my visit to this place where a fellow can hardly find any thing to shoot, you know."

When he arrived at Bombay, this English tourist dropped into a jeweler's store to have his watch repaired. In taking it out he found the stone in the same pocket, he threw it upon the counter and remarked to the jeweler: "Aw, here's a nice stone I came across, what'll you give me for it?"

The head of the firm took up the stone, and as he examined it his eyes opened wider and wider. After humming and hawing awhile, he said: "I'll give you 100 rupees for it."

Had the jeweler offered the tourist a shilling for the stone the latter would simply have told him to take the stone and keep the shilling and be blowed, as up to that moment he thought it was only a piece of crystal. But the offer of 100 rupees awoke his suspicions, and he quickly guessed that it was a real, fine diamond. Taking it from the jeweler's hand he exclaimed with a laugh: "I dare say you would give me 100 rupees, and perhaps a trifle more, but I'm going to take it to England with me." On his arrival in London he sold the diamond for £3,000.

A fakir walking along one of the wards in the same district also chanced to pick up a fine large diamond that had been washed out of the ground by a heavy shower and lay glistening and blazing in the sun. He tied it up in a rag and put it into his empty tobacco pouch and continued on his way to town. Fakirs in India have little money as a rule, and this particular faker had none at all, but he did have a strong craving for a quiet smoke. So he betook himself to a Parsee tobacconist and asked how much tobacco he would let him have for a pretty stone that showed green and red and blue lights. The dealer asked to see the stone and immediately recognized it as a diamond of the first water.

"Uncle," he remarked to the fakir, "since you are a poor man I'll give you a whole handful of tobacco," and he grasped a handful and thrust it into the fakir's pouch.

"My son," replied the fakir, "I have traveled a long distance, and am very tired. This is a beautiful stone, and you ought to give me at least three handsful of tobacco."

After some further haggling the Parsee agreed to keep the stone, after exacting from the fakir a promise to keep quiet about the matter. The Parsee sent the stone to an associate in Bombay, where it was sold for £2,000.—N. Y. Times.

Soap for Mosquito Bites.

A German chemist, after a somewhat learned dissertation on the various kinds of mosquitoes and their respective characteristics and virulence, condescends to give a useful piece of practical information. He says that of the various remedies recommended for mosquito bites, such as ammonia, oil of cloves, chloroform, carbolized glycerine, etc., none is better than ordinary soap. He is an ardent naturalist, and on his frequent excursions in the country he invariably carries a small piece of soap, with which, in case of a bite, he makes a lather all over the affected part and allows it to dry on. He almost invariably finds that the relief is instantaneous, and that all pain soon ceases. Should it continue, however, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.—Chicago News.

The Modern Job.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed a meek-looking man who was walking along the street; "if you haven't knocked my hat into the mud and stepped on my pet bunion."

"I beg your pardon; I do, really, and shouldn't at all blame you for becoming violently angry."

"Angry, angry," repeated the mild man, softly. "Let's see; oh, yes; that means to become offended to such a degree that one loses control of himself."

"Didn't you know it?"

"I had almost forgotten it. You see, I am a horse-car conductor."—Washington Post.

How it Happens.

Neighbor—How does it happen that your oldest daughter has consumption while your other daughter is the picture of health? They appear to be of exactly the same temperament.

Hostess—My oldest daughter got her winter fashions from Paris. The other got hers from Canada.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Need of Asking.

Tyler (to friend who is sneezing violently)—What's the trouble? You must have a cold.

Smalley—A cold (chew!) What the deuce do you (chew—ker chew!) think I'd sneeze like this for if I didn't have a cold.—Texas Siftings.

—Sir Charles Tenant has received offers of £15,000 and £20,000 consecutively for Sir Joshua Reynolds' "The Fortune Teller."

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Use turpentine and machine oil to polish your sewing machine, and rub briskly.

—A short nap after meals is strongly to be advised; bodily and mental exertion, at least, should never be attempted at this time.

—Baked Custard: One quart of milk, four eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately; sweeten and flavor to taste with nutmeg; bake in a dish of water.—Christian Inquirer.

—The best way to preserve old boots is never to use blacking of any sort, but have the boots brushed, or if very muddy wiped with a damp cloth or sponge, then carefully gone over with a little dubbing.

—Whatever your lamp, as a decoration to the room it will owe much to its shade. Do not let this be out of joint with the other coloring about it. Yellow in its different shades is always a satisfactory color. Elaborate decorations on lamp-shades only catch dust and become dingy.

—Tomato Soup: Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter with one of flour and stir it smoothly into one-half pint of milk. Put one teaspoonful of soda into one pint of tomatoes and cook thoroughly. Add one quart of milk (or nearly that) and seasoning. Let it come to a boil. Strain if desired. Serve hot with toasted bread or crackers.—Detroit Free Press.

—Beef Roll: One two-pound can of roast beef, cleared of gristle and stringy matter, six soda crackers rolled fine, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon of pepper, summer savory or sage to taste, and two eggs. Chop the beef very fine, add crackers and seasoning and break in the eggs; mold into a roll and bake to a good brown; slice when cold.

—Oatmeal Flour Gems: Oatmeal flour one cup, wheat-flour one-half cup, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, one cupful milk, one-half teaspoonful salt. Sift the oatmeal, wheat-flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the egg and add to the milk; stir into the dry ingredients, and beat well. Bake in hot oven in gem pans.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Some ingenious young women make pretty and convenient work-boxes out of a Scotch Tam-o'-Shanter cap. One of soft gray tones is lined with pale pink silk and finished on the head band with the inevitable little bow—which in this case is a rosette—that seems the sine qua non to a woman's decorative scheme. The cap rests by its own weight conveniently open on a work table, and forms a really capacious and safe pocket for spools, thimbles and odds and ends, while the soft exterior offers an attractive needle cushion.

—Muffins of Stale Bread.—Stale bread is apt to accumulate in every family, and an economical housekeeper will dispose of it in some manner before it molds. The following recipe teaches an easy way to get rid of it, and will be found reliable: Take a quart loaf of bread, slice it, and put it in a bowl and pour on sufficient water to cover it, and let it stand until well soaked; then press the water from it, and mash the bread until no lumps remain; add two thoroughly-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of melted butter or lard, a little salt, a very small portion of soda (unless the bread or milk is sour, when more will be required), and milk enough to make it into a stiff batter. Bake in muffin rings or drop from a spoon upon a griddle.—Prairie Farmer.

SKIRTS AND GOWNS.

New Notions in Trimming and Cutting Cloth Dresses.

Scalloped edges falling over a facing, quilting or ruffle, is the only trimming on many cheviot dresses, with the bodice edge to correspond, and both bound with silk braid. Heavy cloth skirts are often made without a lining to reduce the weight. Except with a few, skirts are not worn to touch the ground. An attempt at panier drapery is made in a few French dresses, but it will hardly take before the summer season, when light-weight materials are worn. Plain, slightly gathered, plaited or "broken" fronts are worn; the latter has a few crosswise plaits at the belt and side seams to break the fullness into graceful folds. A silk and cashmere gown has the front and sides of the skirt in five panels divided by single box-plaits of the second material. The bodice has the upper part of the sleeves and front, of the silk, with cashmere for the close under-sleeves, and loose fronts draped on each shoulder with velvet rosettes, cut low-necked and drawn around the point on the bias so as to fit without any seams. Passementerie edges the high silk collar, low cashmere neck and sleeves. Full backs are box or fan-plaited, or gathered in a small space. Several skirt backs have been lifted up over the pointed bodice and apparently held there by a rosette of velvet. A fan-plaited back sets better if lined with crinoline. Princesse effects appear in a polonaise that has a princesse back cut with wide extensions at the waist-line, which are laid in great hollow box-plaits to form sufficient fullness, while the left front fits closely, and the right front is lapped over in folds from the shoulder to the left, where a large velvet rosette finishes the effect. The trimming is placed down this side opening and continues around the foot.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Pretty Dinner Dress.

A very pretty and graceful dinner dress is of white Theodora cloth, trimmed with embroidery. The front princesse, losing itself under a drapery which is placed over the bosom and drawn back to the center by a gold buckle. A large Medicis collar, which loses itself under a scarf of mousseline de soie. The trimming of embroidery, forming a corselet cut out toward the top and open over the front. A pattern of embroidery is placed at the top of the back. The sleeves short and full, terminated and drawn in with a pattern of embroidery formed as a bracelet. The back of the corsage is terminated by a gathered skirt.—Chicago Times.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Rachel Stillwagon, who has just died at Flushing, L. I., aged one hundred years, made all her own clothes and performed her own housework until she was ninety years old.

—Prof. Harriet Cooke, professor of history in Cornell, is the first woman ever honored with the chair and equal pay with men professors. She has taught in Cornell twenty-three years.

—The well-known Connecticut weather prophet, Horace Johnson, of Middle Haddam, who predicted the famous blizzard, and whose weather horoscope was printed two or three times a year in the State papers, has become insane.

—Paul Lidaw, the German novelist, is about to visit this country and is expected to write a book about us when he gets back home. The book will be "novel" enough if it follows the precedent set by foreign travelers in this land generally.

—A sensational story was printed in Berlin recently that Baron Gustav Rothschild had been sent to Algiers on account of the condition of his mind. It was also said that the Baron had lost 20,000,000 francs lately by speculating in Paris and in London, and that since 1885 he had lost 200,000,000 francs.

—Another New York society woman who has gained a substantial name in the world of letters, and whose recent publication of "The Anglo-maniacs" has given her wide fame, is Mrs. Burton Harrison. She is a very pretty, vivacious lady, whose winning manners are a great charm. Mrs. Harrison is of Virginia birth and education and has long been known as a successful writer of plays and sketches.

—Mr and Mrs. Stanley have reason to remember Toronto pleasantly. They were in the city just seven hours, during which time they were the biggest people in the town. The Ontario Society of Artists gave them a reception, presenting to Mrs. Stanley a handsome album of paintings. Mrs. Stanley made a graceful little speech of thanks. The artists gave her three Canadian-British cheers, and every body was supremely happy.

—Francis the Second of Naples, that luckless Bourbon dunce whose throne Garibaldi overthrew in 1860, and who is said to be one of Daudet's "Rings in exile," still lives in aimless comfort in Paris, where his sole activity is walking once a day from his apartment to the Church of St. Philippe to say his prayers. He is rather small and insignificant in appearance, and looks like a pensioned bank clerk rather than a "monarch retired from business."

—William Westale, the novelist, lives at High Standing, Loughton, and is a Lancashire man. He was born in 1835. In appearance he is slight and slim, about five feet five inches high, with grayish hair, much wrinkled forehead, bright blue eyes, straight nose, a soft, silky grayish beard, which delight an Eastern cadi. He speaks very clearly and emphatically, and it is evident that he has a good deal of reserve force. When describing a scene his eyes light up, and you can not fail to feel that he is seeing the whole thing as he speaks. He has a great fund of humor, and every now and then some quaint little story comes out. He practically began to write stories when he was in his teens. Then he contributed to the local papers.

HUMOROUS.

—"What's the material in a porous plaster worth?" "About a cent." "And they charge twenty-five cents for 'em? Holes must come high."—Harper's Bazar.

—Considerate Jinks.—Blinks (during heavy rain)—"Did you run over and ask Jinks for that umbrella I loaned him last night?" Office Boy—"Yes sir. He says he's very sorry, but the umbrella is wet yet, and wouldn't like to return it in that condition. He says he'll carry it home to-night and dry it by the fire."—Good News.

—A Little Mistake.—"It is really too bad how miserably that new cafe is lighted. The other night I selected the finest overcoat that I could find, put it on, and went home. It fitted me as if it had been made for me. But what do you think I found when I got where there was a good light, but that it was—my own!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Why Madge Blushed.—Tommy (at the breakfast table)—"Madge, I think Mr. Cutely is a 'jim dandy.'" Madge—"Why so?" Tommy—"He gave me ten cents not to tell what happened in the hall last night, an' I ain't goin' to." And just then Madge thought she heard the kettle in the kitchen boiling over, and hurried out to investigate.—N. Y. Herald.

—"Doesn't this company advertise that it is running trains to Bigville?" asked a depressed-looking man, as he entered the railway office. "Yes, sir. Have you a complaint to make?" "I have. I object to the misuse of language. Call it 'crawl' or 'creep' or 'wriggle,' but don't, I beg of you, continue to daze the public mind by employing the word 'run.'"—Washington Post.

—A Wee Wiggins.—Visitor—"Well, my little man, rather cold weather we're having, aren't we?" Little Man (gloomily)—"Yes. It's goin' to be the hardest kind of a winter, and we'll have snow an' ice all next spring, an' no summer weather till the Fourth of July." "Hem! How do you know all that?" "'Cause I didn't get any sled or skates this Christmas—nothin' but toy boats and fish poles and such things."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Very Suspicious.—Sagacious Employer—"I fear, Mr. Toogood, I shall have to dispense with your services." New Clerk—"Why, sir, I know I have only been here a week, but have I not during this time been thoroughly faithful to your interests?" Employer—"Oh, you have been faithful enough and capable enough, but——" New Clerk—"But what, sir?" Employer—"Well, I saw you take a postage stamp out of the drawer, yesterday." New Clerk—"Yes, sir, but I put two cents in its place." Employer—"That's just what I can't understand. I guess you'd better go."—Boston Courier.